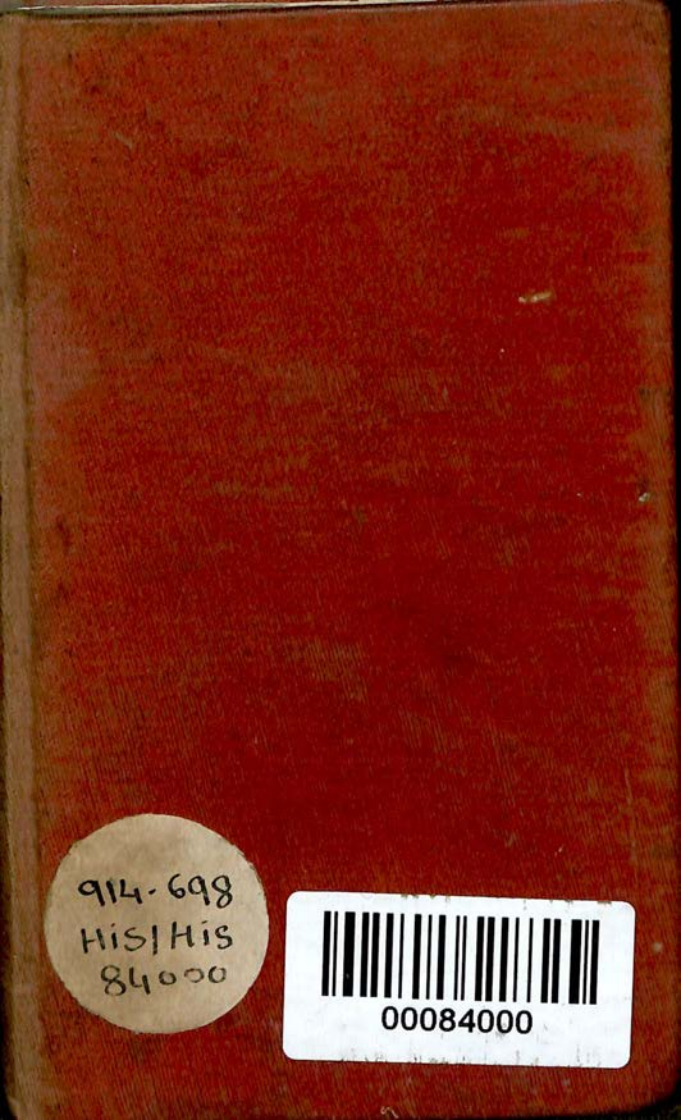
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Historical Sketch

OF THE

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ISLAND OF MADEIRA;

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGINAL DISCOVERY AND FIRST COLONIZATION; PRESENT PRODUCE; STATE OF SOCIETY AND COMMERCE.

Embellished with a coloured View of the Island.

W. R. 15

London:

PRINTED FOR F. S. HOPKINS,

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Advertisement.

THIS "Historical Sketch of the Island of Madeira" is submitted to the public with feelings of the utmost deference, the publisher being aware how small are the claims it has upon their indulgence, but trusting that its circumstantial correctness may, in some degree, atone for its deficiency in diction and arrangement. In the assurance that no full and authentic account of this Island has yet made its appearance, he ventures to express a hope that the following pages may not be entirely destitute of interest, not only to the valetudinarian, who may be induced to resort thither, to benefit by the salubrity of the climate, but that some hints may be found not unworthy the attention of the merchant; and that it may likewise afford a small share of amusement to those who are only acquainted with the Island from the juice of its grape.

The publisher takes the present opportunity of expressing his thanks for the several communications he has received; and more especially is he indebted to J. GOUGH, Esq. *who has furnished many particulars (valuable from their positive authenticity) which a long residence upon the Island has so well enabled that gentleman to afford.*

His acknowledgements are also due to a literary Friend, not unknown in the poetical world, who has kindly favored him with a ballad, founded on the discovery of the Island; the circumstances connected with which have afforded full scope for the exercise of his poetic powers. He has most readily given permission for the publication of the ballad at the end of this little volume.

Bishopsgate Street,
June, 1819.

History

OF THE ISLAND

OF

MADEIRA.

SECTION I.

Containing an account of the first Discovery and Colonization of the Island.

SOME writers have been of opinion that the Island of Madeira was not unknown to the Ancients; and have supposed that Pliny alludes to it in his writings: but however that may be, it is very certain that for many ages after his time, no mention was ever made of such an Island.

It is situated in 32° 30′ north latitude, and 19° longitude; is about thirty-eight miles long, and eleven broad.

The discovery of the Island has very much the appearance of romance; for it is asserted, on the best authority, that in the reign of Edward the third of England, a young gentleman of the name of Robert Machim, was violently in love with a young lady, greatly his superior in rank and fortune: the attachment became reciprocal, but her relations being averse to the match, forced her into a marriage with a person she detested.

Machim, however, like another Paris, succeeded in getting the object of his affection from the power of her husband, and endeavored to make his escape with her to France; but unpropitious was their

flight—for having embarked in a small vessel for that purpose, with a few of his associates, ignorant of navigation, they were driven into the open ocean; when, after being tossed about for fourteen days, Providence directed their bark to this Island, the voyagers being at that time almost destitute of provisions, and nearly exhausted (particularly the fair damsel) with the fatigues and privations they had undergone. The boat was hoisted out, from which the unfortunate fair one, and her anxious lover, with two or three of their companions, landed on what appeared to them the most delightful spot in the universe.

They immediately formed a bower, or temporary residence, under an immense tree, where they reposed themselves after the fatigues of their disastrous voyage.

The country appeared beautifully diversified with numerous hills and dales, shaded with trees of various descriptions, and watered with many meandering rivulets.

Their happiness was but transient; for their vessel being ill anchored, in the first gale of wind that came on, was driven out to sea.

In consequence of this additional misfortune, the lady became so overwhelmed with grief, that it shortly terminated her existence; and Machim was so greatly affected by her death, that he did not long survive her.

In his last moments he begged his friends to bury him in the same grave with his beloved, which they did, at the foot of the before-mentioned tree, against which they placed a large cedar cross (which is pre-

served to this day), and an inscription, endited by the unfortunate lover, giving an account of his melancholy adventures, and concluding with a request, that if any good Christians should ever settle in the Island, they would dedicate a chapel on that spot to our blessed Redeemer: this request, as we shall hereafter see, was complied with.

His companions, after his death, determined upon making their way to England, if possible, in the ship's boat, which they equipped in the best manner they could for the purpose; and, to sum up their misfortunes, they were wrecked on the opposite coast of Barbary, where, of course, they were immediately condemned to slavery.

In the place of their confinement amongst other Christian Slaves, they met a Spaniard named Juan de Morales, an expert seaman;

who was highly attentive to the story of the unfortunate English, and who, being ransomed by his sovereign, was taken on his return to Spain, by João Gonzalves Zarco, a celebrated Portuguese Navigator, to whom he related what he had heard from our unfortunate adventurers.

This able commander immediately communicated the intelligence he thus obtained to the illustrious Infante Prince Henry, (whose mother was daughter to Edward the third of England). This prince, who was a liberal promoter of arts and sciences, and particularly of navigation, informed the king*, his father, of every circumstance, and he, in consequence, to promote the discovery despatched João Gonzalves Zarco,

* John the first of Portugal.

about three years before discovered the adjacent island of Porto Santo, in one of his expeditions to the African coast: that island was already partially colonized, and thither he directed his course: the inhabitants informed him that, to the westward, they always beheld a stupendous dark object, which they were afraid to approach, superstitiously supposing it to be the haunt of demons and foul spirits: in fact, they were at a loss how to express their own fears to the veteran commander, who, being a man above such ridiculous dreads, determined on standing over to the object of their terrors, which he rightly judged was produced by the immense number of trees, abounding, as he was informed by Juan de Morales, in the Island, and which of course would attract dense clouds and vapours.

He was rewarded for his perseverance by making, on the 10th of August, 1419, the easternmost point of the Island; which he named St. Laurence, or St. Lawrence, in honour of the saint on whose natal day it was discovered.

Sailing close in with the shore he came to an open beach, where he landed, and which proved to be the spot on which the unfortunate lovers ended their days. The cross and the inscription that were placed over their grave were soon discovered: he, in consequence, ordered the first mass that ever was said on the Island to be celebrated on that spot; and, in commemoration of the unfortunate Machim, named the place Machico, which name it retains to the present day.

They discovered no human inhabitants,

nor any ferocious animals: of tame ones they saw several, as well as thousands of the feathered tribe, who being unacquainted with man, were unsuspicious of his violence, and tamely approached the new masters of the Island.

The ground was covered with odoriferous herbs, enamelled with flowers of various dyes, and so completely wooded with trees of an immense growth, that he was induced, from that circumstance, to name it the Island of Madeira, or, in English, the *Island of Wood*.

Sailing on to the westward, they discovered what they considered the most eligible situation for the capital; which being covered with fennel, or, in the Portuguese language funcho, they named Funchal. From thence he wrote to his

patron, prince Henry, informing him of the beauty of the Island; at the same time stating it as his opinion, that it would be impossible to clear the woods for the purpose of cultivation, but by setting fire to them; which, with the prince's consent, was done: it is said the fire was not extinguished for several years, and when it was, the island was left in such a state of barrenness, that the name of it might have been changed, from the Island of Woods, to the Island of Rocks: no doubt, however, can be entertained that the ashes produced by the conflagration have greatly enriched the soil.

João Gonzalves Zarco was appointed governor of the Island, and, in consideration of his services, was ennobled by his sovereign, who likewise sent three young noblemen of his palace to espouse Zarco's daughters,

who had given them tracts of land in the newly-discovered Island: and from them are descended the principal families of Madeira.

SECTION II.

Containing an Account of the Climate, Soil, Vegetable productions, the Capital, Inhabitants, &c. &c.

The climate of the Island is excellent, being between the extremes of heat and cold; indeed, the climate and soil are such, that the fruits of the earth are yielded with very little trouble in their cultivation, which, from the negligence of the Inhabitants, is highly essential.

Nearly every kind of European vegetable production is to be met with here, to which may be added the sweet potatoe and yam. The same may be said of fruits, and with care might be produced most of

the tropical ones. The oranges, lemons, and figs, are remarkably fine: peaches, nectarines, apricots, &c. are very abundant.

The hills are covered with very large chesnut and walnut trees; the former producing the finest fruit of its kind in the world, and forming one source of sustenance to the hardy peasantry.

The laura indicos, or Madeira mahogany, as well as the paobranco and mermulano, are likewise to be found here: the paobranco is very handsome, and would be an ornament to any garden in England.

The hedges are formed of the pomegranate, effusia, myrtle, rosebush, honeysuckle, and geranium.

The perpetua, or everlasting flower, is a curiosity, for it never fades when plucked; there are two sorts, a bright yellow and a

beautiful purple; it grows like sage, and flowers like camomile.

The Island is formed of one immense hill or mountain, running from east to west, affording views beautifully romantic, abounding with fine springs of the purest water in the universe; while verdure and fertility cover the most unpromising situations. Pico Ruivo is five thousand one hundred feet high.

The soil of the whole Island is a tarras, mixed with some particles of clay, lime, lava, and sand: from this circumstance, and from a considerable crater on the summit of the mountain, it is probable, that at some remote period, a volcano has produced the lava and the ochreous particles.

Numerous brooks and small rivers descend from the summits in deep chasms or

glens, which separate the various parts of the Island.

The water is conducted in small channels to the vineyards, which are thus irrigated two or three times a week.

The city of Funchal is very delightfully situate at the foot of this lofty range of mountains, on the south side of the Island; which forms a kind of amphitheatre, and has a beautiful appearance from the shipping as you approach it, the environs abounding with vineyards, generally in the most luxuriant state; and in the midst of the green foliage of the vine, orange, lemon, pomegranate, bananas, myrtle, cypress, cedar, &c. are numerous villas belonging to the native gentry, or to the British merchants, which, being quite white, add greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Funchal is the emporium of the Island; it contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, (the population of the whole Island is one hundred thousand souls,) and is the residence of a governor, bishop, corrigidor, juiz da fora, and other public functionaries. It is a very irregularly built town; the streets are generally narrow, and crooked, having no foot paths, and are badly paved; but it is quite the reverse of Lisbon, being extremely clean. The old houses are ill built; but they have lately much improved in architecture, for the modern buildings are generally handsome, and are invariably built with stone, plastered over and white-washed: most of the houses of the gentry are stuccoed inside, many of them are very elegant and they are for the most part handsomely furnished in the English style.

The residence of the governor is called the palace of Fort St. Lawrence; it is a large ancient building: a few years since, it was greatly improved by the addition of a new suite of apartments, built under the direction of an English gentleman, which are elegant and commodious. The outer hall, or anti-chamber, is a very large room, containing portraits of the different governors of the Island, and a number of ill-executed designs, (they can scarcely be called paintings) representing the story of the unfortunate lovers, Robert Machim, and the lovely Ann Arfet.

The bishop's palace is a very large building.

In the centre of the town is the public esplanade, at one end of which is a convent of Franciscan friars: in the front of the

convent is a marble fountain of uncommonly pure water; at the other end of the esplanade, is the cathedral, an ancient building, the interior of which has a very grand and venerable appearance.

On one side is an extensive and well built public hospital, and on the other side the theatre, which is very tastefully fitted up.

There are several convents which contain altogether about two hundred nuns; these insulated beings have generally a most cadaverous complexion, and dismal appearance; their time is chiefly employed in religious ceremonies, and in making sweetmeats and artificial flowers for sale.

In a corner of the Franciscan convent, is a small chamber or chapel, the ceilings and walls of which are completely covered with human skulls and thigh bones, arran-

ged in such a manner as to affix a skull in the angle, formed by each pair of thigh bones. A figure of St. Francis, is represented balancing a saint and a sinner, to ascertain which is the heaviest: from the ceiling is suspended a small lamp, which merely affords light sufficient to render visible this dismal den of skulls. Their number is about three thousand, and the effect of such a scene upon the mind of a casual visitor, cannot be described, but the reader's imagination will form some faint conception of its horror.

Funchal has several handsome churches, the altar pieces of which, are highly ornamented with paintings, silver lamps, and railings, together with richly carved and gilt figures, &c.

There are, on the Island, about twelve

hundred secular priests, governed by a dean and chapter, with a bishop at their head.

In the outskirts of the town there is a small establishment for lepers. This truly horrible disorder is supposed to arise generally from the bad quality of the food some of the poorer classes subsist on: it is incurable, and it so completely disfigures "the human face divine," that it reflects a stigma upon the government, in not providing a secluded asylum for these unfortunate sufferers, instead of allowing them to traverse the streets, to the peril of those ladies who are in "the way that ladies wish to be, who love their lords."

Until the present period, no poor-houses have been established, consequently the number of paupers is very great; but it is

now in contemplation to build a very extensive asylum for the ~~destitute~~, something on the plan of the workhouses in England. It is to be built and supported by voluntary contributions. Senhor João de Carvalhal, is to be president and treasurer of this laudable institution, to which, with a princely munificence, he intends contributing.

Several rivers run through the town, which in summer are nearly dried up, but in the rainy season convey immense floods from the mountains; indeed such was the impetuosity of the torrents on the 13th of October, 1803, that it caused astonishing damage, carrying away vineyards, houses, and indeed entire streets, into the sea. In that dreadful calamity about seven hundred human beings perished: a similar catastrophe is not likely to occur again, as the

city is now better secured against inundation than it ever has been.

Funchal towards the sea side, is protected by a parapet wall, properly called the musquetry parapet: the fortifications consist of a castle erected upon a steep rock, on the west side of the harbour, and is within a few yards of the shore; it is very ancient, and mounts nine guns of different calibre. This fort returns the salute of the different vessels of war, anchoring in the roads; and the castle serves for a state prison.

Fort St. Jago is situated on the south side of the harbour, and mounts sixteen guns.

The Peak Castle is built on an eminence in the rear of the town, which it completely overlooks, and forms a very striking object. There are some smaller

batteries, and in the whole they mount about seventy pieces of cannon fit for service.

Three miles in the rear of the town, is a very pretty church, called Nossa Senhora do Monte; it has a good organ and some tolerable paintings from scripture. The image of the fair titular saint is kept on the grand altar in a glass case, and is about two feet in height. The figure is dressed in a flaxen wig, and decorated with a profusion of gold chains and precious stones, which have been bequeathed to her at various periods by pious devotees.

After the flood of 1803 this image was brought into the town with the greatest possible pomp, being attended by the principal clergy, and the civil and military corporations; as it was believed by all true catho-

lics that her presence would prove a sure protection from any further deluge: and after being some months in the cathedral, was carried back to her old habitation, in the same solemn manner she was brought to the town. The church, dedicated to "our lady of the mountain," being built upon the spot where, according to the monkish legends, she was originally found, soon after the discovery of the Island.

Numerous are the miracles which this image is said to have performed; suffice it to mention one: at the time a great scarcity prevailed in Madeira, occasioned by the vigilance of the British cruisers, during the revolutionary war with America, from whence the Island is principally supplied with the necessaries of life, supplication was made to the "lady of the mount,"

accompanied with a public procession, &c. The following morning, at day-break, a ship was discovered, which proved to be laden with wheat from Portugal; and, on repairing to the mount church, they found the saint's clothes dripping with wet; which, on being examined by the priests, was pronounced to be sea water. The conclusion drawn from this circumstance was, that she had taken a trip to sea during the night, to hasten the arrival of the vessel in question. The sailors were astonished, when, on their arrival, they heard of the miracle; but afterwards recollected that being becalmed off the Island, just after sun-set the preceding evening, they saw something white ascend from the waves (most probably a sea gull) which hovered about their vessel, and immediately they

felt her impelled towards Funchal: the miracle was thus confirmed, and is believed by the natives at this day!

Pilgrimages are daily made to the temple of "our lady;" nor is the hardy seaman the last in paying his vows: it is the custom for the sailors, when safely landed upon the Island, to go about the streets begging alms, wherewith to pay the clergy for masses said at her altar. Frequently an entire crew, headed by their captain, are to be seen trudging barefoot up the steep road that leads to the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, carrying their topsails with them in procession, accompanied by a sworn appraiser, who, in presence of the priest of the temple, affixes a value on the sails: the value, being thus determined, is paid into the hands of

the aforesaid priest, to defray the expense of celebrating masses at the shrine of the saint.

A grand festival is holden annually in honor of the saint: it begins on the fourth, and lasts till the fifteenth of August; during this period the church is decorated externally with flags of every nation, while drums and fifes are playing throughout the day in the portico of the church, and every evening the temple is superbly illuminated, when a grand display of fire-works is exhibited: on the fifteenth, which is called the day of the lady of the mount, there are generally collected about twenty thousand persons from all parts of the Island, being attended with a vast deal of bustle and confusion, not unlike the appearance of an English fair.

The ascent to this church is by a very steep, but well-paved road: few strangers call at Madeira, without visiting this charming spot, it being most delightfully situated in the midst of groves of fine chesnut trees, and commanding a grand view of the inland country, and of the atlantic ocean—that sublime and majestic world of waters, which fills the mind with inconceivable wonder and admiration!

There is one small vegetable and fruit market, but the cattle, beef, and fish markets, are miserable.

The prisons are ill constructed, badly governed, and insecure. They are altogether a disgrace to the Island.

All the towns and villages, of which there are several, are invariably situated on the sea coast.

The country is too uneven for wheel carriages, except just in the town and its vicinity; the mode of travelling, therefore, is on horseback, or on mules, and in palanquins or hammocks.

There are some very pleasant rides within a short distance of Funchal; to a pretty marine village about four miles west of the town, called Carma de Lobos; or to the eastward to the villages of Carrico, Santa Cruz, or Machico, (where they still exhibit the cedar cross made by desire of Machim;) or still shorter rides to the mount church, or round by St. Antonio, St. Amaro, and St. Martinho; or to the Palheiro dos Ferreiros, which is a delightful estate, consisting of an elegant villa and grounds, belonging to a truly hospitable and gentlemanly Portuguese of the name of Joao de

Carvalhal, who is the worthy proprietor of the largest estates on the Island: his income is above £20,000 per annum; he was educated in England, and has since travelled through the greater part of Europe. Any person respectably dressed, is promptly admitted to traverse his noble domain and to view his charming gardens.

There is another very agreable place about fourteen miles east of Funchal, called St. Antonio de Serra: this is a very commodious house, originally built by Government, solely for the reception of travellers going to the north of the Island; it has been much enlarged by private contributions; it is adjoined by a chapel, where a priest constantly resides, and any respectable person or party who may choose to enjoy a cool climate and level country,

which its situation commands, can go and live there, rent free, as long as they please. The clergyman who resides there is generally chosen of a social disposition, liberal minded, and well informed.

The native inhabitants of Madeira are commonly of a middling stature, well limbed, and of a darker complexion than the inhabitants of the colder climates of Europe, possessing a warmth of feelings, with more volatile humour than is usual in the plegmatic constitutions of people of more northern countries: they are courteous in their dispositions, and are very polite in their manners among themselves, as well as towards strangers. The females display great taste in adorning their hair, the blackness of which corresponds with their dark expressive eyes, and gives them

a very interesting appearance; they are almost universally distinguished for the whiteness of their teeth, the smallness of their feet, and their finely turned ancles.

SECTION III.

Manners and Amusements of the Inhabitants; description of a Church Festival, &c.

THE convulsed state of Europe, for so many years, occasioned such an increased demand for the wines of Madeira, that they have, in consequence, advanced to nearly treble the price at which they were sold at the commencement of the French revolution. The cause is removed, but the effect is still continued, by the impolicy of the British merchants, who out-bid each other in their purchases from the land proprietors and wine jobbers: this rise in the price of wine has produced an increase of income to the landholders, and thus (to use the

language of one of their own writers) many now live in splendour, whose parents were content with the simple manners of their neighbours on the opposite coast of Barbary. It was then the custom for the master of the house alone, to sit in an arm chair, while he was surrounded by his family squatting upon the floor: their breakfast, dinner, and supper, consisted generally of a mess called *sopas*, composed of pumpkin, cabbage, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables, qualified with a lump of salted fat pork. Sometimes, for a change, they had the celebrated Moorish dish of *cus cus*, or a dish of salted cod fish, highly savoured with rancid oil; seldom drinking wine, while tea was a luxury unknown to them. Ladies of the first rank, were then dressed in a serge cloak and baize petticoat, and used

...ROY... BRANCH ...

only to put on shoes and stockings when they went to a festival, or party, or received visitors; only a few were taught to read, and still fewer to write. The house corresponded with the inhabitants, having no glass windows, but merely lattice work, through which the senhoras could see without being seen. Now they are taught reading, writing, embroidery, music, dancing, drawing, and every modern accomplishment; and many of them the English and French languages. Both sexes dress now in the highest style of English fashion; while most of the principal families have their card and music parties, routs, balls, &c.

The natives were formerly described by their own writers as a people addicted to assassination, but this is by no means fre-

quent now, although it sometimes occurs; this must be ascribed to the remissness of the administrators of justice, who too often suffer the delinquent to escape with impunity. Burglary is not very common.

There is a great want of punctuality in their dealings; so much so, that a person cannot calculate upon receiving a payment from them, although it may be due according to the most solemn agreement; and what may excite wonder is that the laws absolutely encourage this species of swindling! As an instance: when a merchant sells goods on credit to a shopkeeper, and finds him to be a shuffler, from whom he cannot procure payment, there is no compelling him to return the property, but the merchant must petition the corrigidor, or chief justice; when the debtor will be

ordered to name such articles as he may chuse to be put up at auction, with the proceeds of which the creditor is to be paid his demand: this, at first sight, appears equitable; but the wily shopkeeper collects together the vilest trumpery he can get; for instance, old clothes, or perchance a choice collection of old-fashioned buttons, buckles, and the like, that have lumbered his shop, or the shops of his friends or ancestors for nearly a century: these are very gravely valued by some brother tradesman, at what such articles would cost, were they now ordered to be manufactured; and at this price they are put up at auction! No one, of course, bids for them; they then take off one fifth of the valuation, and at the then price the poor creditor is obliged to take them in payment of his debt, when

he has the still further mortification of being at the expense of conveying them home, or of having them thrown into the sea; blaming his own credulity in having trusted such an unprincipled rascal. This is an every-day circumstance, and destroys the confidence and morality of trade. This spirit of swindling is not confined to tradesmen alone, but extends to the highest circles.

There is no imprisonment for debt, and condign punishment is never inflicted in Madeira; for certain crimes the criminal is sometimes banished to the Cape de Verds, and when the crime is death, according to the Portuguese law, the felon is sent prisoner to Lisbon, there to await his fate.

Many of the natives are possessed of a turn for poetry, and almost the whole of them are rhymesters. A person named

Medina has published, among other poems, one on the discovery of the Island, in which he very pathetically describes the melancholy fate of poor Machim and Ann Arfet. He has just collected a subscription for a poem, entitled "the Georgiad," in honour of the venerable monarch of Great Britain.

The islanders have a great taste for music, and are very graceful dancers.

It has been asserted that the ancient Spaniards had such an extraordinary passion for the game of chess, that instances are to be found in which unfinished games, bequeathed by will, had descended from father to son (where victory was doubtful) for upwards of a century. The same may be said of some law suits in Madeira.

The highest gratifications of the natives

are the church festivals, and religious processions; their avidity for these spectacles is so great, that they come from all parts of the Island to see them: although it is constantly a repetition of the same thing; the streets are crowded with the delighted multitude, and the windows of the houses filled with the senhoras, who assemble there full dressed, to see and be seen.

These processions consist of images of our Saviour, of the Virgin Mary, and of different saints, as large as life, borne on the shoulders of penitents, who are completely covered with blue cotton dresses, having only apertures sufficient to see and breathe through; they are accompanied by a body of the clergy in their splendid dresses, together with a detachment of the military, attended with bands of music; besides the

penitents carrying the images, there are others who do not come so well off, being obliged to carry on their shoulders heavy stones, bars of iron, chains, &c. while some go through the streets, lashing their bare backs with bunches of small wire or nettles, so as to cause the blood to keep trickling down.

It is the custom to bury their dead within twenty-four hours after their demise: they carry the body in an open bier to the place of interment, with the face and arms exposed to full view, attended by a concourse of priests and friars, chaunting a funeral dirge (that is when the deceased leaves money to pay for it, otherwise, no penny no pater-noster;) then follow the friends of the departed, and a motley tribe of beggars bearing lighted torches, although it should

be at mid-day. When the body is consigned to the grave, a quantity of lime and vinegar is thrown in to consume it, in order to make room for others, as they always bury within the church. Relatives do not accompany the funerals, being supposed to be too much affected by their loss. Widows of rank do not cross the threshold for twelve months after the death of their *Caro Sposos.*

Protestants have been allowed burial only since the year 1770; prior to this they were thrown into the sea: they have now a handsome chapel, and burial ground, but the former is not allowed to have a steeple, or bells.

In the burial ground are some handsome monuments erected to the memory of the English nobilty and gentry, who have

died upon the Island, being valetudinarians who had resorted thither in the hope of recovering their health.

SECTION IV.

Description of the Military and Peasantry; House Rent; Accommodation for Invalids; Beneficial Effects of the Climate in Cases of Consumption.

The regular battalion and the corps of artillery make a very respectable show; but they are excelled by the militia, who are a fine body of men, well dressed, and disciplined, and have excellent bands of music; the officers are young men of family, and of dashing appearance; their uniform is a dark blue short coat or jacket, turned up with scarlet, and richly embroidered; white kerseymere waistcoats, white cotton stocking pantaloons, with hessian boots, and very handsome caps.

The dress of the peasantry is very simple, consisting of a shirt and drawers of linen of their own manufacture, the knee-bands of the latter and collar of the former are worn both open, a pair of loose light goat-skin boots, which, with a small blue cloth cap of a conical shape turned up with red, completes their dress; although they have a blue cloth jacket, but it is generally thrown over one shoulder, being seldom worn. They are very civil when they meet a stranger; they take off their cap, and "I hope the Lord will prosper him;" and when they encounter one another, they stand cap in hand, though under a perpendicular sun, till they have satisfied each other as to the welfare of their wives, children, relatives, acquaintance, cattle, domestic animals, and so on: there is then

a good deal of ceremony in settling the important question who shall first put his cap on again. They are very muscular, and are capable of undergoing incredible fatigue.

From England are continually arriving invalids (generally consumptive), who come hither for the benefit of their health, and many who have arrived in an early state of decline, have completely recovered. Several boarding and lodging houses (the terms of which are from three guineas to four guineas per week, including every expense), are kept for their accommodation by very respectable English people, who, for the most part, have been unfortunate in their commercial concerns; and, as here are no bankrupt laws, they have no other resource whereby to obtain a livelihood.

A more desirable spot for the asthmatic or consumptive, uniting such numerous advantages, cannot be found; the town of Funchal being situated in a valley open only to the south, while it is completely defended by the mountains rising behind, from those northern blasts, which in other situations too often prove fatal in cases of decline; and the temperature of the atmosphere is very little subject to change, the thermometer being seldom higher than from 75 to 78 in summer, and rarely below 65 in winter; indeed the climate is so favourable for invalids, that were it resorted to before the disease becomes too long confirmed, it would seldom fail in restoring their health: but it is to be regretted that this resource is often deferred till it is too late for any hopes of recovery, and when

the patient has scarcely strength to undergo the fatigues of the voyage.

The medical gentlemen on the Island consist of four native Portuguese, three of whom have received their medical knowledge at the university of Edinburgh, and the fourth has been brought up in France; a Norwegian educated in London; and a North Briton, who has practised on the Island about forty years.

House-rent is lower than in England, and there are no poor's-rates or taxes; the necessaries of life are likewise cheaper, and the luxuries are about one-third the London price.

SECTION V.

Containing some account of the Manufactories; process of making the Wines; the Wine Trade; Revenue; Policy of the Land Proprietors, &c. &c.

Within the last few years has been established a small silk manufactory; the raw article is imported; although, from the climate, and the great number of mulberry trees that abound in the Island, no doubt a sufficient quantity might be produced, without importing it.

They also manufacture a coarse linen, and linsey-woolsey, and some coarse red earthenware; and there are some tolerable smiths, cabinet-makers, carpenters, &c. on the Island.

No printing-press is yet established here: possibly, at some future period, the Island may pass to a political state, more favorable to industry, and to the mental improvement of the natives.

When the Island was first colonized, prince Henry had the sugar cane transplanted hither from Sicily; and, at one time, there were forty sugar-mills on the Island, that article then forming the stable commodity; now there is only one mill remaining, at which little sugar is made, but that little is excellent, and has a scent like the violet.

Instead of the cane the vine is now cultivated, the produce of which is well known and esteemed all over the world: the vines run on trellises of cane work, about three feet from the ground, and the grape is usually

fit for making into wine at the beginning of September, when they are obliged to tie up all the dogs, to prevent their getting at the grapes, of which they are very fond. Great quantities are destroyed by rats, lizards, and wasps.

The wine-press is a wooden trough, about six feet square, and two feet deep, over which is a large clumsy lever. When the trough is nearly filled, about half a dozen peasants, bare-legged, get in, and, with their feet, press out the precious juice; after which the husks and stalks are collected in a heap, and pressed with the lever: this last pressing produces the strongest and choicest wine. The best wine is produced on the south side of the Island, and, when first made, is as deep coloured as port: it ferments for about six

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weeks after it is made. It is computed that about twenty thousand pipes are made annually, of which about two thirds are exported, principally to Great Britain, and British colonies, and the remainder is consumed on the Island.

There are many different descriptions of grapes; the largest sized, and which is merely a table grape, and is not made into wine, is about the size of a muscle plum, and the bunches are so large as sometimes to weigh twenty pounds.

The wines shipped from Madeira, are classed Tinta, or Madeira Burgundy, Malmsey, Sersial, and simple plain Madeira; the three first are thirty pounds per pipe dearer than the latter, which is £60.*

* By letters just received the price quoted is now £63. per pipe.

per pipe of 110 gallons free on board. This high price is occasioned by the want of unanimity among the English merchants, or indeed a want of good faith towards each other, for they appear occasionally to rouse from their lethargy, meet at their consul's, and agree to give only certain prices for the wines at the press; but, immediately after, each outbids the other, and the wine jobber laughs in his sleeve, and profits by their folly. Were a dozen of the principal wine shippers to be unanimous, they might, with ease reduce the wines at the press one third of the present exorbitant prices, and could, of course, make a similar reduction in the shipping prices, when they would consequently have larger orders: but what can scarcely be credited is, that when they had what they term a factorial meeting

to affix the shipping prices for 1819, all but two of the sapient assembly were for raising the price £8. per pipe; and when these two proved to a demonstration that such conduct would only induce the wine jobbers to make a similar rise, and merely add to their coffers, already overflowing with the effect of the merchants' past follies; the meeting still deemed it necessary to adjourn for a few days, before they would allow themselves to be convinced.

No foreign wine is allowed to be imported, not even a few dozen of port for private use, although it is the production of the mother country: this is being strict indeed, yet it is justifiable, as a very few years since a discovery was made of an attempt to smuggle into the Island a number of pipes of wine from the Islands of

Fayal and Teneriffe; and had not the most rigid methods been adopted, the wine of Madeira would have lost its reputation, as no one who imported wine from thence could have been certain of having it genuine: consequently the wines were seized, and the heads of the casks were knocked out in the public market place, which overflowed with the contents: the boats that landed it were confiscated, and the smuggler condemned to transportation, or to pay to the crown, in addition to losing the wine, twice its amount.

Any one attempting to smuggle tobacco, snuff, soap, or rum, being royal contracts, which can only be imported from Brazil, would be subject to similar punishment.

The revenue which the Portuguese government derives from the Island is, in

duties on imports and exports, £82,500, and from farming out crown lands and tythes £55,000, making an annual revenue of £137,500. of which one third is remitted home on Government account, and the remaining two thirds is expended in paying a battalion of infantry and artillery, keeping the fortresses in repair, securing the town from the rivers, paying the salaries of the public functionaries, supporting the clergy, defraying the expenses of a small academy for drawing and painting, &c.

The present governor is styled Florencio Joze Correa de Mello, of the council of the king our lord, lieutenant-general of his royal army, commander in the Order of St. Bento de Alviz, governor and captain-general of the Islands of Madeira, Porto Santo, &c. &c. &c. His power is abso-

lute; his salary is £2000, and the English pay him an annual tribute of £200.

The bishop's income is about twice as much: indeed the clergy are much better provided for than any other class of His most faithful majesty's subjects.

The Island is well supplied with good beef, mutton, poultry, and some wild pigeons, quails, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, wild rabbits, &c. The Atlantic furnishes the Island with abundance of excellent jew fish, john dory, pike, mullet, hake, mackerel, pilchards, turtle, cray fish, crabs, shrimps, limpets, &c. They have a breed of small but handsome and serviceable horses.

The land proprietors do not farm their lands, but give out certain portions to be cultivated, which the peasant does entirely

at his own expense, receiving half of the produce for his labour.

When cattle are given out to graze, they are valued, and when the owner takes them from the grazier they are again valued, and he receives half the increased value, as a remuneration.

Most of the commercial characters on the Island are English; and among them are some respectable long-established houses, possessing considerable capitals: there are about twenty different firms, and as many families. The total number of British subjects in Madeira, including women, children, clerks, and servants, amounts to one hundred; but they are too haughty, too jealous, and too envious of each other, to be very sociable.

The English had many privileges secured

to them, by a treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, during the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell; but these important concessions, from not having been watched with sufficient care, have now become nugatory.

The current coin is Spanish dollars, pistareens, bits, and half-bits. There is no paper currency.

SECTION VI.

Imports and Exports; Duties; Regulations of the Custom House.

The only article exported from the Island is wine (which pays an export duty of £2. 10*s.* per pipe), unless we notice a trifling quantity of citron, which goes principally to the United States of America, and some onions, similar in quality to the Lisbon onions, and a small quantity of walnuts, which are occasionally shipped to the West Indies, chiefly to Barbadoes.

An erroneous policy adopted here, is, not to allow goods imported to be re-shipped, without paying a duty of eleven per cent. when certainly it would be far more to the interest of the Island, instead

of laying on a duty, to allow a certain drawback, which would occasion an influx of specie from the Canary Islands, &c. although it is true goods can be landed on franquia, paying 3 per cent.

The imports from Great Britain are almost all kinds of British manufactures, which pay 15 per cent. duty, *ad valorum:* from Newfoundland, cod fish, from the United States of America, flour, Indian corn or maise, rice, boards, staves, &c. &c.

The duties are

On Beef, ...	3 *per cent.*
Butter, ...	
Biscuit, ...	
Cheese, ...	
Coffee, ...	
Chocolate, ...	
Hams, ...	
Lard, ...	
Pork, ...	

Anchors, ...	13 *per cent.*
Cordage, ...	
Flax, ...	
Hemp, ...	
Iron Hoops,.....	
Staves and packs, ...	
Bee's wax, ...	23 *per cent.*
Boards,.....	
Brandy,.....	
Candles. Moulds, wax, and spermaceti, ...	
Coals, ...	
Gin, ...	
Iron pots and Bars,.....	
Leather, ...	
Lime,.....	
Malt liquor, ...	
Molasses, ...	
Nankeens,.....	
Oil. Sweet, train, and linseed	
Paints and pitch,.....	
Teas, ...	
Tar, ...	
Tin, ...	
Tallow, ...	

Barley, pulse, rice, and grain of every sort, as well as flour and fish, are imported duty free.*

By a new regulation at the Madeira custom house, the merchant, in clearing goods therefrom, is obliged to exhibit the invoices, which are generally compared with the English custom-house cockets. They translate the invoices in a book kept for that purpose: each custom-house store has an officer appointed to take a regular account of every package that enters the store under his department, and receives a regular certificate of every package despatched; and the collector is obliged to give a weekly account to Government of what are entered and cleared.

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* Note—100 lbs. Portuguese weight is equal to 104 lbs. English.

Many vessels, particularly from the port of London, get into difficulties at the custom-house in Madeira, by having articles for that Island and other places mixed together in the custom-house cockets: they cannot be too particular in this point, as at the Portuguese consul's office they are frequently tacked together, and marked "*Carga para á Madeira,*". i. e. *Cargo for Madeira;* to this the consular seal is affixed, and the consequence is, when the vessel arrives at Madeira the whole of the goods specified in the said cockets must be landed and pay franquia duty, or a penalty of 48 per cent. on their amount; although bills of lading, and the captain's oath that they were, *bona fide,* not intended for Madeira, may be brought forward in proof: this principle is so strictly acted upon, that

a few months since a vessel from Bristol had, by some mistake, ten tierces of beef on the cocket more than were really shipped: but neither the captain's and consignee's oaths, nor invoices and bills of lading were sufficient to prevent its being considered as an intent to defraud the revenue; and though the article only pays 5 per cent. duty, yet the vessel was fined 48 per cent.

In concluding our historical sketch of the Island of Madeira, we regret that the present scantiness of our materials would not enable us to produce a more extensive work. Should its reception, however, prove so favorable as to require a second impression, we shall certainly use every possible means to secure the approbation of the public, by seeking diligently for a more

ample supply of interesting facts, and by such further observations as may render it more worthy of attention.

APPENDIX.

The Port Rules and Regulations.

The Port Rules and Regulations, necessary to be known by Masters of Vessels, are principally as follow:

On entering Funchal roads, no vessel can have communication with the shore or the shipping in port, until visited by a boat bearing the Portuguese flag, which carries off the government visitors, and health officers.

The master, purser, or other persons, coming in the first boat from any vessel, must land at the health office, (close by the lofty pillar on the beach,) where their papers are examined, and when they undergo

the necessary interrogations: they should then proceed to the consul's office, and report their arrival.

Captains or pursers so landing, must bring with them the vessel's register, Mediterranean pass, manifest of the cargo, and *above all*, a bill of health; for if this latter document is wanting, though they may come from a country where a contagious disorder was never known, yet they will be liable to a medical survey, which is not only tedious but very expensive.

No vessel lying in port can have any communication with one that is coming in, or that has already anchored, until such new comer has been regularly visited.

No vessel at anchor can change her birth without licence from government.

All boats that pass between the shipping

and the shore are subject to pay two shillings for a government licence.

No seaman or soldier to leave his ship without a written permission from the captain or commanding officer.

Any seaman or soldier found on shore after sunset, without written leave of absence, is liable to be taken up by the military patrol, and kept in custody until claimed, and sent on board his ship; which, exclusive of his maintenance, viz. bread and water, occasions an expense of two dollars for each individual so taken up: and even, with leave as above, any disorderly conduct is immediately taken notice of, and punished accordingly; and as the fine is a premium to the patrol they are consequently more vigilant.

All captains and commanding officers will

do well to read to the sailors and soldiers, on board their ships, the two preceding articles.

No vessel is to carry from Madeira any person or persons, excepting those who came in her, *without a regular passport;* as in case of detection in attempting so to do, the master is liable to a fine of one hundred dollars, and to three months' imprisonment.

In cases where the captain of a vessel shall be *judicially* notified not to carry away any particular person or persons from the Island; and he does, notwithstanding, receive him or them on board, he becomes liable for all debts such persons may owe.

When vessels are ready to depart, the captain must, through his consul or consignee, apply to Government to have its visitor sent on board at the hour when they will be ready to proceed to sea; and after

the vessel has been visited, for the purpose of proceeding on her voyage, and any circumstance should require her to have communication with the shore, or the shipping in port, she cannot sail until visited a second time, when an additional expense is, of course, incurred.

No vessel can sail after sunset without special licence; and, in case a ship is visited for departure, and finds she is obliged to wait a night after, she must not sail till visited a second time.

As vessels are frequently fired at from the Loo, for attempting to anchor after sunset, it is advisable for those who make the port too late to anchor before that time, to stand off and on to windward till day light, when the restriction ceases: and they should always, as soon as they make the roadsted

hoist their colours and their consignee's private signal.

Any vessel attempting to get under way before she is visited, will be fired at from the forts; and, besides the injury which may be done them, will be obliged to pay very dearly for the powder and shot. This must be understood to extend to the noncompliance with any of the foregoing rules.

No commander of a vessel can leave any of his crew behind, excepting those who may be in the hospital, without first giving to the consul security for his subsistence.

As the greatest attention is necessary on the part of masters of vessels for the benefit of those concerned, it will be found much to the interest of all parties, that they by no means sleep on shore; a caution which is peculiarly necessary in the winter season.

The Tomb of Love:

A BALLAD,

Founded on the Discovery of Madeira.

O'ER the cold tomb of silent love
Shed'st thou the sacred tear?
And, lady, would'st thou know their fate
Whose ashes mingle here?

Fair stranger in the isle of health!
If thou their fate bewail,
O may thy tender youthful heart
Improve the simple tale!

The dust reposing in the tomb,
Beneath yon aged tree,
Was once a parent's lovely pride—
Was lovely once as thee.

...

In England was the maiden born;
A baron was her sire;
And many a high-born youth for her
Felt love's enchanting fire.

An ancient castle's gothic tow'r
Arose within the dale,
Where oaks had stood through ages past,
And sported in the gale.

The eastern battlements had gleam'd
In morning's golden ray,
For centuries of silent years,
That swiftly pass'd away.

There did the noble baron live
In grandeur and in wealth;
There was the lively voice of mirth—
The merriment of health.

The baron and his lady seem'd
The happiest pair on earth;
And O how oft they bless'd the hour
That gave their daughter birth!

Their life was one fair summer day:
No clouds of gloomy care
Cast their dark shadows o'er the scene,
Or shed their sorrows there.

Like the sweet violet in the morn,
Refresh'd by gentle show'r,
Their Anna charm'd the sylvan glen—
Young Beauty's modest flow'r!

Oft did they smile through tears of joy
On their delighted child,
While the dear accents of her tongue
Gave music to the wild.

The echoes round their rich domain,
The craggy hills among,
Were all familiar with her voice,
And raptûr'd with her song.

So pass'd the season of delight—
Of innocence and joy!
Alas! that aught should ever come
Such season to destroy!

As the mysterious pow'r of Spring
Gives life to every grove,
The sun of youth gives to the heart
The glowing warmth of love.

Young Robert saw the artless maid
When evening shadows fell,
And in the twilight she appear'd
The fairy of the dell.

Her image dwelt within his mind,
And robb'd him of repose;
For in the visions of the night
That lovely image rose.

Soon in the open day he saw
Her beauteous form again,
Bending in graceful ease, to cull
The flow'rets of the plain.

Her figure had a magic pow'r
To charm the heart of youth;
While her sweet countenance bespoke
Simplicity and truth.

Though eighteen summers she had liv'd,
And trod the flow'ry lea,
The simple daisy as it grew
Was not more pure than she.

...

What wonder, then, if Robert lov'd?
His feelings were refin'd;
He had a chaste and noble heart,
A cultivated mind.

But ah! with little worldly store,
His unassuming sire
Lived at the mansion on the hill,
An honest country 'squire.

And could fair Anna's parents give
The treasure of their life
To bless that youth, however belov'd
To be young Robert's wife?

No:—high ambition in their dreams
Saw the dear lovely Fair
The wedded lady of an earl—
A proud and wealthy heir.

Thus the false love of rank and pow'r
Parental love defiled;
And thus the pride of splendid wealth
Would sacrifice a child!

O sad perversion of the soul!
Ambition weak and blind!
To break the peace of innocence—
A daughter's peace of mind!

The blushing maid reveal'd her heart,
With feelings warm and pure;
And told her love as if that love
For ever would endure.

Her spring of life had never known
The shades of pain or care;
Her thoughts were full of happiness,
And every hour was fair.

Yet now she trembled when alone—
For, though she *knew* no ill,
She *fear'd* it might be wrong to love
Young Robert of the hill.

But who can rule the pow'r that reigns
O'er ev'ry human breast?
That pow'r disturb'd her anxious day,
And broke her nightly rest.

The mutual vows of faith had pass'd
The lips of artless youth:
They seal'd each promise with a kiss
As spotless as their truth.

Now came the trial of their faith;
Of constancy the proof;—
The lover now no more must come
Beneath the baron's roof!

~~For it~~ was clear to all around,
If blushes aught could prove,
That, when he spoke, the maiden's cheek
Was kindled up by love.

And there were matrons by her side,
Interpreters of sighs!
Who, by their own experience, knew,
The language of her eyes.

O well, indeed, the eyes can speak
When dear companions part:
Though painful silence chains the tongue,
They speak the aching heart.

So spake fair Anna's: when her love
To banishment was pass'd,
She told him, by a *parting* look,
It should not be the last!

In vain the frowning parents chid;
In vain the matrons met;
Her smiles had vanish'd—and with tears
Her nightly couch was wet.

Her cheek, where late the rose of health
In lovely blushes grew,
Was like the pensive woodbine flow'r
Drench'd in the morning dew.

And where was Robert?—Through the dale
He walk'd, in thoughtful mood;
When sudden o'er his head arose
The woodlark and her brood,

Children of innocence! he cried;
Ye wand'rers of the grove!
O could I pass my life, like you,
In liberty and love!

Your days are free from all the care
That racks the feeling mind:
You know not wealth—you know not pride—
The curse of humankind!

Man boasts of reason and of sense,
And claims an angel's part:
He speaks in nature's heav'nly voice,
Yet acts by servile art.

Such are the ills of human pride—
O that I knew them not!
The world engrosses all the soul,
And heav'n is quite forgot!

An angry parent's chilling frown
My lovely maid must see!
The weight of grief will break her heart—
Her heart will break for me.

...

For me!—the words escaped aloud;
He started from the ground;
Two little words with wond'rous pow'r
Awoke the echoes round!

The sound had ceas'd—when lo! again
The pausing silence broke:
For thee—came softly to the ear,
As if a seraph spoke!

The plaintive tenderness of tone
To that sweet echo giv'n,
Would melt the most unfeeling heart,
And turn its thoughts to heav'n.

The listener like a statue stood:—
The paleness of his cheek,—
The tear-drop trembling in his eye,—
Spoke, what no words could speak.

For as he rais'd his aching brow,
And clasped his nervous hands,
Behold, before his wond'ring view,
The lovely Anna stands!

The dusky veil of Evening falls
Around the silent plain;
And where they first exchang'd their vows
The lovers meet again.

O Robert! I have stol'n away
To tell thee we must part
For ever!—Silently, in speechless grief,
He press'd her to his heart.

Then, gazing wildly in his face,
The frantic maiden said,
Tomorrow I must wed,—they say,—
Tomorrow I must wed!

Thou must not see the marriage feast!—
Thou must not come, my love!—
Yet tho' we part for life, on earth,
We'll meet again above!

Faintly the sigh of anguish came,
Soft rising from her breast;
And what no language e'er cou'd tell
Her silent look express'd.

Ne'er can I meet thee here again!
Tomorrow I must wed!
But O the thoughts of thee will make
The grave my bridal bed.

That hope shall dwell within my mind,
And I the hour will greet:—
The wedding robe prepar'd for me
Shall be my winding sheet!

Victim of pride! it shall not be—
Thou lovely drooping flow'r!
No strength shall tear thee from my heart
No strength of earthly pow'r!

Thou can'st not be another's bride,
For thou art true to me:
O meet me here again, my love,
And I will fly with thee.

When morning glitter'd on the tow'rs
The bridegroom came in state,
And music hail'd the smiling peer
As he approach'd the gate.

Now welcome to my hall, my son!
The stately baron cried;
The loveliest flow'r of Beauty's train
This day shall be thy bride.

Graceful before th' assembled guests
The timid maid appears;—
Lord Harold weds her trembling hand—
Her heart is in her tears.

The feast was high—the western ray
Had left the mountain head—
And evening shadows darken'd round—
When lo! the bride had fled!

Young Robert with his foaming steeds,
Swift as the passing gale,
Plac'd his fair treasure by his side
And darted thro' the dale!

Affection on the wings of speed,
In fear's unequal flight,
Bore the young lovers to the coast
Beneath the cloak of night.

And, ere the op'ning rays of morn
Upon the hills appear,
Beyond the reach of quick pursuit
They're safe from every fear.

For they have gain'd the friendly bark
That waited on the shore,
And left their native hills and vales
To see those scenes no more!

They sail—and they are bound for France.
The vessel seems to glide
As if the calm and gentle waves
Were list'ning by the side!

Some secret ties of parting love
To every heart belong:—
Their sacred influence is told
In Anna's plaintive song:

Sweet breeze of morning! let me taste
The balmy richness of thine air;
For I am borne, in fearful haste,
To foreign shores—I know not where!

Sweet breeze of morning! O distil
Thy dewdrops on my waning hand!
In thee I taste my native hill—
By thee I leave my native land.

Sweet breeze of morning! I depart!
With feelings that no tongue can tell;
They deeply tremble in my heart,
While only tears can say—farewell!

Robert could bear no more: his voice
The lovely mourner bless'd;
And, in the tenderness of love,
He clasp'd her to his breast.

Hush all thy fears, my gentle maid!
Hush all thy timid fears!
For I will ever shelter thee,
And wipe away thy tears.

Tho' now the shore is dimly seen,
And slowly fades away,
Another land, more kind to us,
Shall cheer the coming day.

Remember, love, whate'er our fate,
If bright or dark the sky,
Where'er we pass our day on earth,
We all are born to die.

No smiles of joy, or tears of grief,—
No poverty or pow'r,—
Can change the awful will of heav'n,
Or stay the destin'd hour.

Then, since no clime can e'er secure
A mortal from the grave,
O why lament the change of scene?
Why dread the guiltless wave?

Hush all thy fears, my gentle maid!
Hush all thy timid fears!
For I will ever shelter thee,
And wipe away thy tears.

Can'st thou *for ever* shelter me?
O no, dear Robert, no!
Thou know'st not where we may be cast,
Or whither me may go.

I may be left alone, to weep
O'er thy untimely death;—
And O may heav'n but take my life
With thy departing breath!

O'erwhelm'd with grief, she fix'd her eyes
In one wild vacant stare;
Then sank upon her lover's arm,
The image of despair!

They mingled sighs, but shed no tear
That might relief impart;
And look'd—as if the eyes of each
Would break the other's heart.

Now o'er the vast expansive deep,
The last faint ray of light
Was glimm'ring on the western wave,
And melting into night;

When suddenly in darkness round
The gloomy clouds arose,
And the sad voyagers beheld
The measure of their woes.

Unskill'd in all the seaman's art,
Upon the ocean wide,
They had no pow'r to rule the bark,
Nor compass for their guide!

The darkly-foaming billows rise,
And rage, and swell, and roll—
Till the loud tempest in the sky
Trembles from pole to pole!

Wild terror seiz'd the crew: flash—flash—
Upon the quiv'ring wave,
The lightning every moment shews
A deeply-yawning grave!

At length the storm subsides: the rain
Has quench'd the sulph'rous air;
And from the east in crimson beams
The morning rises fair.

Yet fourteen days upon the sea
The shatter'd bark was toss'd:
Famine completed the distress,
And every hope was lost.

But Hope is not behind the cloud,
Replenishing her pow'r,
When the poor wearied spirit sinks
In sorrows darkest hour.

The faintly-shouting voyagers
Beheld, with grateful eyes,
Fair smiling in the face of morn,
A lovely island rise!

O blessed sight! Delightful view!
Cool streams and shady trees!—
Joy like enchantment touch'd the heart,
And heav'n was in the breeze!

Quick to the shore—they landed here:
But—who the rest can tell!
Like the fair lily in the storm,
The lovely maiden fell!

Vain was the bow'r: her spirit fled
To fairer bow'rs above;—
Grief broke the lover's heart!—their dust
Is in *the Tomb of Love.*

FINIS.

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